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The Shaker MANIFESTO.

(OFFICIAL MONTHLY.)

G. A. LOMAS, EDITOR

Published by the United Societies.



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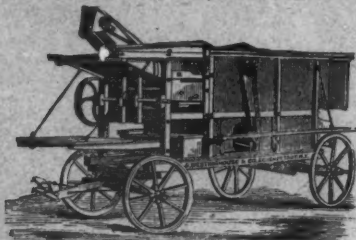
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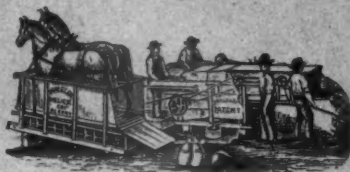
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THE SHAKER MANIFESTO.

An Official Monthly.

Vol. IX.

DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 12.

CHRISTMAS.

G. B. AVERY.

"What is it?" In the popular sense, a day appointed by the Civil Governments of earth. Hold! CIVIL? did we say? CIVIL? when by their laws, the poor, unable to obtain land wherefrom to extract the sustenance for life, and unable to obtain labor to win that sustenance from those who have land, and its hoarded harvests, are driven to crime and desperation! But (so called) *Civil* governments appoint this day to celebrate the advent of the birth of Jesus, the poor man's Friend, by the institution of a ceremony of the Romish Church worship, nominally meaning, "The office of prayers rendered at the *Lord's Supper*," called "*The Eucharist*," which Romish theology teaches is consecrating the notable bread and wine, of the memorable "last-supper" fame, so that it may become transubstantiated — *changed* into the real body and blood of Jesus! This is the Romish theory of "*Mass*," and the purpose of the appointed day of CHRISTMAS.

But this institution is now, by nearly all sects of so-called Christians, converted into a holiday, just as the French nation has now converted the Sabbath into a gala day, substituting feasting and revelry for prayers and

sacrifices, originally instituted in imitation and commemoration of Jesus' giving His life a ransom for sinners, as His death on the Jewish cross, by the hands of wicked men is interpreted to mean, by the theology of most professedly Christian sects.

But, O ye bright angels from the heavenly spheres, tell us, while the poor by thousands are starving, does a feast of roast turkey, terrapin-soup, plum-pudding, cranberry-jelly, and visiting of wealthy friends, at whose convivial board the sparkling bowl is drained, by lips that utter not thanksgivings, and where are hearts that seldom or never bowed in gratitude, symbolically commemorate the self-sacrificing life of Jesus, which He lived in order to become the treasury of power wherewith to baptize a sinning world into repentance? Ah, who shares of the Christmas feasts? Alas! not these unto whom Jesus said: "Behold I come to bring unto you glad tidings." O, nay, not the poor, the needy, and destitute, but those unto whom Jesus said: "Behold ye have received your consolations." Ah, would to heaven we might have one universal CHRISTMAS, characterizing the life of Jesus, breaking bread to the hungry, and, with a life's sacrifice, pleading the cause of the poor and needy! A day in which every heart

should be made glad and thoughtful, by being fed, warmed, clothed and comforted with the remembrance of care and human kindness; a day wherein all souls could be made to *feel* the hospitality of man to man, and that of brotherly and sisterly interest, love and friendship.

Brother, Sister, Christian! I know these names; they speak to us of bliss; they ope the gates of heaven; in their bosomed sweetness rests the ark of peace; upon their brows is poised the laurel wreath of union; charity and forgiveness reign supreme; harmony is spoken from their eyes, and a crown of *love pure as the virgin snow*, rests upon their heads; love so tender, so deep and soul-thrilling that it will never permit hard feelings, hard words, nor unkind actions, to be thrust upon a brother, sister, nor friend, to mar the union, nor abraid the peace!

Thus to live, is keeping CHRISTMAS; thus to live is celebrating the memory of the birth of Jesus into the resurrection order, the New Creation; and the self-sacrificing life of Christ, not only on the notable anniversary of Jesus' birth, one single day in three hundred and sixty-five, but three hundred and sixty-five days in every year; converting the epoch of a life-time into one vast CHRISTMAS, a feast day of rejoicing, bringing heaven to earth, and making one glorious Jubilee of the Lord!

Brethren, Sisters, Christians, shall we not thus keep CHRISTMAS; thus set out anew to make our home a Paradise; our house the Court of the Angels of the heavenly land, with "none to hurt or destroy in all God's

Holy Mountain," the soul life-bond of union?

Our meetings thus freed from the bitterness of hatred; the wickedness of malice; the ruthless barbs of jealousy; the mockeries of hypocrisy; the deceitfulness of lies, and the painful bondage of the sins of private life, may then be the assemblies of blessedness, where fountains gushing full and free with soul-life and heavenly love are inviting and invigorating, and the river of eternal life rolls smoothly on, without a ripple from the discordant waves of unholy passion.

This is a CHRISTMAS of the Lord; this a monument to the blessed, consecrated life of Jesus Christ, firmer, purer than the diamond's crystal base; more trenchant than its angular point upon the institutions of a woe-stricken world! Gospel friends, be this *our* CHRISTMAS; this harmonious relation our Christmas tree, bearing upon its boughs the luscious fruits of heaven, garnering 'neath its bending limbs of grace, all the gifts of a beneficent Father and a Heavenly Mother, bestowed upon the children of their consecrated ZION HOME. O, friends, grant me to be a guest at the feast of the Christian's CHRISTMAS!

JEHOVAH.

LOUIS BASTING.

In a former article I advanced some arguments showing the fallacy of the claims in support of the Divine Inspiration of the Bible, spoken of as an *entirety*. While those arguments were based mainly upon such technical grounds as mistranslation and interpolation, I now propose to show from the unquestioned text itself that there exists further and still weightier reasons that should lead us to reject it as a book of

supernatural origin and authority, spoken of as a whole.

There is not a more striking inconsistency exhibited in the whole system of orthodox theology than the identification of the Jehovah of the Old Testament with the God of the universe. The most enlightened men of all Christian denominations, men eminent for practical piety, and learned in all the wisdom of this world, have united in ascribing to the Supreme Being all the most exalted virtues the human mind is capable of conceiving; whose power is unlimited, in whom mercy and justice are blended in harmonious grace; they declare his eternal self-existence; his omniscience; his prescience; his inconceivable mode of being; his infinite wisdom that cannot err; his infinite goodness that can do nothing but what is eternally just and kind. Such are the attributes of the Deity, but how widely different is the character of the God of the Jews!

It is unreasonable that God should create a race of human beings, endowed with freedom of action, and, being enabled by prescience to foresee their career, that he should "repent" of having made them, and to destroy them almost literally. Yet such is the story of Genesis. It is absurd that a being of almighty power should not be able to overcome a small tribe of men, "because they had chariots of iron," as we are told in the Book of Judges. It is blasphemous to assert that the Eternal Fountain of Truth should "put a lying spirit into the mouths of the prophets," as is stated in Chronicles. The God of the Universe never gets angry at the children of his own creating; he does not treat them as his enemies; he does not thirst for revenge; he never required "eye for eye, tooth for tooth;" he does not delight in war and bloodshed; and he never surrounded himself with such a murderous class as Jehovah established. The conquest of Canaan, unjustifiable as it was, was accompanied by atrocities which were never excelled in barbarity by any military chief, ancient or modern; yet they were all executed by the direct command of the Jewish war-god. The portrait of Jehovah, as presented to us in the *Old Testament*, would undoubtedly represent equally well the

character of a sanguinary despot of Homeric times.

But it has been said, apologetically for those deeds which stand condemned by the criminal as well as the moral code of our day, that they were done with a view of benefiting the Jewish people; that, considering their barbaric condition, it was the best mode of dealing with them, then possible. Admitting that the argument appears plausible enough, it is in reality dangerous and misleading sophistry; a miserable casuistry.

The horrors of the medieval inquisition were enacted with exactly the same end in view—to keep inviolate what was considered the purity of the faith, and to save the souls of the people. It was this doctrine that the means employed were justified by the end in view; which justly or unjustly has been attributed to the "*Society of Jesus*," which has been condemned by the moral sentiment of all Christendom, and has made the name of "*Jesuit*" odious throughout the world.

There is but one rule of action laid down for the guidance of all men: to do right according to the light possessed; and no possible contingency in human affairs can ever arise, which would justify a departure from that rule. How inconceivably absurd, if not wicked, does it appear then to attempt to explain away the barbarities and immoralities committed by the Jews at the command of their God, as having been countenanced by that God whom we worship as the embodiment of Truth and Love!

Murder is murder, lying is lying, sin is sin, whether committed by man, by angels, or even the hoary Jehovah. The ways of Providence may often appear mysterious and indefinable to human minds; but we may rest assured that God accomplishes his purposes by means which harm not one of his creatures.

The anthropopathic view of the Jewish Deity given in the Bible, is no doubt, in a large degree, the reflex of a savage condition of society and of brutal minds, who ascribed every emanation from the spirit world to God; and spirituality and hope of immortality being almost unknown to them, they worshipped their ruler with fear and trem-

bling, knowing that to provoke his wrath would be followed by punishment swift and terrible. Jehovah was to them indeed a terrible God!

But are we who have learned to know God as a loving Father and Mother, of ineffable mercy and goodness, who is never vindictive; who never destroys; but who is ever ready to forgive and to bless every soul that turns Godward; are we to regard him as one with the gory divinity of Jewry? Rather let us accept the revelation of our day and welcome the light of reason that rejects the traditions and authority of antiquity whenever they conflict, or seek to compromise with what always has been and always will be right and true.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

WHAT IS LIFE?

RHODA E. HOLLISTER.

O! what is life upon the earth,
A ceaseless toil mid' pain and dearth?
For which no recompense is given,
Though every kindred tie is riven?
May we not ever hope to find
Something to satisfy the mind?
Through all the struggles that are rife,
To win the goal, eternal life?
Have all the battles bravely fought,
With no sure victory been fraught?
But doubt and fear, with ebbing tide,
The surging waters still divide?
And shall the spectre of despair,
With Upas poison fill the air?
Destroying buds of faith and hope,
That would in beauty gently ope?
Shall we then trust to shadows vague,
Our time and talents to engage?
When high and noble aims invite,
Our aspirations for the right?

RESPONSE.

Ah, nay, it is not all a blank,
Our being here below;
But rays of light from sunny climes,
Their brightness o'er us throw.
And freshened hopes that in our hearts
Are rising new each day—
Point ever to the glorious time,
When love shall bear the sway.

And superstition, caste, and creed,
No more can bind the soul;
But freedom's disenthraling power,
O'er error will control.

New earth and heavens, clear and bright,
Like clouds that upward rise,
Unveils the sun aglow with light,
To flood the earth and skies.

And sorrowing spirits that have trod
The martyr's rugged way
May in this light be lifted up,
And view the gladsome day;
When Zion's Temple rises, grand,
Above the plane of earth,
While many there have entered in,
And found the heavenly birth.

There no discordant spirits dwell,
Her sacred courts to mar,
But quietude and order reign.
With love the guiding star.
And on her banner is inscribed,
In lines of purest gold,
Peace, and good-will, to all mankind;
Its blessed power behold.

For this the hundred-fold is given,
The Saviour's promised boon;
That all, who kindred ties forsake,
May share this heavenly home.
Can come, and with them be baptized,
In Jordan's cleansing wave,
And find in Achor's valley low,
A balsam that will save.

'Tis thus a pure relation's formed,
Strong in the love of truth;
Working together in the Lord,
For its increasing growth.
Building upon this basis,
A structure that will stand,
Should threatening storms and tempests,
Sweep over sea and land.

And while to heaven is lifted,
A prayer to haste the time,
When souls that good are seeking,
The harvest work will find;
We'll gather to the standard,
So beautiful and true,
Borne by our faithful leaders,
To guide us safely through.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

WHO IS CHRIST?

BY BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

I am not a Christian; none of the numerous sects into which the Church of Christ is divided would allow my creed to be identified with its own. I have not been nursed on a Christian lap, nor have I been brought up under Christian teachers. The country in which I dwell is not a Christian country, nor is my home a Christian home. I am deficient in biblical knowledge, nor am

I skilled in exegesis. Yet must I speak of Christ. My love of Christ constrains me to speak of Him. My loyalty to Jesus is my apology. If any other apology were needed, I would invite your attention to India's earnest and impassioned solicitation. Most eagerly and most earnestly she asks: Who is Christ?

On all sides there are indications and signs which clearly and unmistakably prove that this question emanates from the very heart of the nation. It is no wonder that India should ask this question. For is not a new and aggressive civilization winning its way day after day, and year after year, into the very heart and soul of the people? Are not Christian ideas and institutions taking their root on all sides in the soil of India? Has not a Christian government taken possession of its cities, its provinces, its villages; with its hills and plains, its rivers and seas, its homes and hearths, its teeming millions of men and women and children? Yes, the advancing surges of a mighty revolution are encompassing the land, and in the name of Christ strange innovations are penetrating the very core of India's heart. Well may our fatherland sincerely and earnestly ask: Who is this Christ?

Perhaps you will tell me that this question has been answered already. Look at the flood of Christian literature that has swept over the length and breadth of the country. There are heaps of books and numberless preachers and teachers around you, all endeavoring to give a complete answer to the question before us. Doubtless, from these sources, India has had some knowledge of Christ of Nazareth. But such knowledge has not given her complete satisfaction. It is true, the people of India have been satisfied in some measure, but they have been disappointed in a much greater measure. For England has sent unto us, after all, a Western Christ.

This is indeed to be regretted. Our countrymen find that in this Christ, sent by England, there is something that is not quite congenial to the native mind, not quite acceptable to the genius of the nation. It seems that the Christ that has come to us is

an Englishman, with English manners and customs about him, and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in him. Hence is it that the Hindoo people shrink back and say, "Who is this revolutionary reformer who is trying to sap the very foundations of native society, and bring about an outlandish faith and civilization quite incompatible with Oriental instincts and ideas? Why must we submit to one who is of a different nationality? Why must we bow before a foreign prophet?" It is a fact which cannot be gainsaid that hundreds upon hundreds, thousands upon thousands, even among the most intelligent in the land, stand back in moral recoil from this picture of a foreign Christianity trying to invade and subvert Hindoo society; and this repugnance unquestionably hinders the progress of the true spirit of Christianity in this country.

But why should you Hindoos go to England to learn Jesus Christ? Is not Christ's native land nearer to India than England? Are not Jesus and his apostles and immediate followers more akin to Indian nationality than Englishmen? Are not the scenes enacted in the drama of the Christian dispensation altogether homely to us Indians? When we hear of the lily, and the sparrow, and the well, and a hundred other things of Eastern countries, do we not feel we are quite at home in the Holy Land? Why should we then travel to a distant country like England in order to gather truths which are to be found much nearer our homes?

Go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his glory and the fulness and freshness of the primitive dispensation. Why do I speak of Christ in England and Europe as the setting sun? Because there we find Apostolical Christianity almost gone; there we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless forms and antiquated symbols. But if you go to the true Christ in the East, and his apostles, you are seized with inspiration. You find the truths of Christianity all fresh and resplendent.

Recall to your minds the true Asiatic

Christ, divested of all Western appendages, carrying on the work of redemption among his own people. Behold, he cometh to us in his loose-flowing garments, his dress and features altogether Oriental, a perfect Asiatic in every thing. Watch his movements, and you will find genuine Orientalism in all his habits and manners, his uprising and down-sitting, his going forth and his coming in, his preaching and ministry—aye, in his very language, and style and tone. Indeed, while reading the Gospel, we cannot but feel that we are quite at home when we are with Jesus, and that Jesus is altogether one of us. He is our Christ. The outward Christ is certainly an Asiatic, and, as such he comes to us, and rivets our national sympathies.

But can we say the same thing of the invisible Christ, the spiritual Christ, the soul of Christ? Is that Oriental? Can you, as Asiatics, appreciate and accept the spirit of Christ?

In the very outset of the inquiry, we find the ethics of Christ asking us to accept it, and give it a place in our hearts. And we readily acquiesce in it. The sublime and marvelous ethics of Christ, who can condemn—who will not honor? The rules of forgiveness and love, meekness, humility, charity, justice, sincerity, and simplicity, the rules of propriety, self-restraint, asceticism, constitute the highest standard of true ethics, which must find acceptance in all parts of the world. Though we are Hindoos, we cannot help admiring the superior and exalted ethics which Christ brings to us. You cannot deny it; you cannot set it aside. It is from God. Your consciences attest it. Ancient philosophy bows before it. A greater than Socrates has taught us this lofty ethical code; and we are bound for truth's sake to accept this legacy from Christ. We are all agreed, irrespective of differences of creed and caste, as to the supremacy of the ethical law embodied in Christ's teachings and character.

If you Indians hesitate or refuse to accept Christ, it is not because you dislike Christ's ethics. It is not Christ's humanity that is a stumbling-block in your way, but his so-called divinity. His heavenly spirituality,

not his human morality, stands in the way of your accepting him.

It appears to me that Christ believed earnestly and consistently in what 'I should, in the absence of a better expression, call the doctrine of divine humanity. Christ not only believed this, but he carried it, theoretically and practically, to the uttermost logical sequence.

But what was this doctrine? Christ struck the key-note of it when he announced his divinity before an astonished and amazed world in these words: "I and my Father are one."

He lived, moved, and had his being in God. Not a breath he drew, but it was from the Lord. Not a drop of life-blood was there in him, but it came from the very fountain of life and vitality in heaven. He said, he heard, he touched, as we see, hear and touch. but he always felt that the root of his being was God himself—a fact of which we are not always conscious. He had his life rooted in divinity. He felt always that the Lord was underlying his whole existence. And, therefore, without equivocation, and with all the boldness and candor of conscious simplicity, he proclaimed unto the world that he was one with God.

But he asserted the doctrine of spiritual oneness, not only with reference to the God-head, but also with regard to those around him. He was present, not only in God, but also in the hearts of his disciples. What was his prayer to his Father regarding his people before he allowed himself to be crucified? Some time before that event occurred, Christ went to his Father and said, "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Thus, in comprehensive unity, he sought to include God, himself, and all mankind.

On the occasion of his last supper, he commended himself to his disciples and the world at large as mere bread and wine, to be assimilated to the soul, as mere leaven, that in time leaveneth the whole mass. Addressing those around him, Christ said: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him." The language is strange, indeed! Christ's body should enter into his disciples; his very

flesh and his very blood should be tasted by his chosen and beloved disciples! Those who loved him were called upon to partake of his flesh and blood! The thing seems absurd. How could man eat Christ and drink his blood? That was possible in one sense only. In the sense already indicated of spiritual identification. All those who accept Jesus with thorough fidelity are identified with him in truth, in love, in wisdom, and in purity of character. As Christ was one with God, he wanted others also to be one with him and one with God, so that all men might dwell together in the glory of heaven, enjoying everlastingly a life of purity and holiness and joy in God himself. That, indeed, was Christ's mission, that was the great object of his life. He did not seek to place himself before his hearers as a dogma or a doctrine or a theoretical truth. He wanted to live in them with all his ideas and feelings and principles, his piety and godliness, his life of mystic absorption into the Deity.

For two thousand years men have been trying to find out the dead Christ under the stone. But the Spirit of God has marvelously rolled away the stone, and Christ is not there. Even for three days Christ would not consent to live on earth as a dead Christ buried under the stone. So the Lord took his Christ unto himself and has in all ages discomfited and disappointed those that have searched for a dead Christ on earth.

Where, then, is Christ now? He is living in all Christian lives, and in all Christian influences at work around us.

Of the dead Christ I speak not. Of what use is a dead Christ to us or to our nation? Put the living spirit of Christ into your hearts and affections, your daily life and character. Do you not see Christ existing throughout Christendom, like an all-pervading leaven, mysteriously and imperceptibly leavening the bias of millions of men and women? You cannot resist his influence, you may deny his doctrine, you may even hate and repudiate his name, but he goes straight into your hearts and leavens your lives. He does not care to inquire what doctrine you believe, or what dogma you accept, nor even what sort of a life you lead.

You may be the basest of sinners. You may be intellectually opposed to many of his doctrines. The truth that is in Christ will, perforce, overcome and penetrate your souls in spite of your perverseness, and secretly influence your character.

In all Christian literature, laws and institutions, we see Christ's living influence as a reality. The Christ that is advancing in all directions has touched India, and hence the question she asks—Who is Christ? The genius of the nation has asked this question, and you are bound to answer it. In the interests of the country, in the interests of truth, the question must be answered one way or another, now or hereafter. To India's solemn and thrilling cry you must some day return a response.

Meanwhile I must beg your acceptance of the truly national solution of the problem I have presented to you. You will find on reflection that the doctrine of divine humanity is essentially a Hindoo doctrine, and the picture of Christ's life and character I have drawn is altogether a picture of ideal Hindoo life. Surely, the idea of absorption and immersion in the Deity is one of those ideas of Vedantic Hindooism which prevail extensively in India. From the highest sage to the humblest peasant, millions of men in this land believe in the Pantheistic doctrine of man's identity with the Godhead. The most illiterate man is heard to say he and the Lord are one. The doctrine of absorption in the Deity is India's creed, and, through this idea, I believe, India will reach Christ. Will he not fulfill the Indian Scripture? I am reminded of the passage in the Gospel in which he says: "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." The Mosaic dispensation only? Perhaps the Hindoo dispensation also. In India, he will fulfill the Hindoo dispensation.

The religion of our ancestors was Pantheism from beginning to the end, and what is Hindoo Pantheism? Essentially, it is nothing but the identity of all things with God. I do not mean that you should retain Pantheism as it exists in Indian books. Oh! there are mischievous errors and horrid ideas mixed up with it, which you must eschew. Christ's Pantheism is a Pantheism of a lof-

tier and more perfect type. It is the conscious union of the human with the Divine Spirit in truth, love and joy. The Hindoo sage realizes this union only during meditation, and he seeks unconscious absorption in his God, with all his faults and shortcomings about him. But Christ's communion is active and righteous; it combines purity of character with devotion. Hindoo Pantheism in its worst form is proud, being based upon the belief that man is God; it is quietism and trance; Christ's Pantheism is the active self-surrender of the humble servant and the loving son.

In the midst of activity, Christ was absorbed in God. Eating or drinking, preaching or going about doing good, his spirit was enjoying serene communion. There is no pride in him, for he is dead to self. There is no dreamy mysticism in him, for he is ever doing the will of his Father. In Christ you see true Pantheism. And, as the basis of early Hindooism is Pantheism, you, my countrymen, cannot help accepting Christ in the spirit of your national scriptures. You have already seen how, in his outward form and appearance, with his flowing garments, he is acceptable to you. Now, you find that even the spirit of Christ draws you through your national instincts. You have a national affinity to the invisible as well as to the visible Christ. Can you deny it?

Behold, Christ cometh as an Asiatic in race, as a Hindoo in faith, as a kinsman and a brother, and he demands your heart's affection. Will you deny it? He comes to fulfill and perfect that religion of communion for which India has been panting as the hart panteth after the water-brooks.

Let all people in this country who bear the Christian name remember that it is not by presenting a Western Christ to our countrymen that they will be able to regenerate India. If you like, present the English side of Christ's many-sided character to the English nation. If you wish, present a German Christ to the Germans, an American Christ to the American people. But if you wish to regenerate us Hindoos, present Christ to us in his Hindoo character. When you bring Christ to us, do not bring him to us as a civilized European, but as an Asiatic

ascetic, whose wealth is devotion, and whose riches are prayers.

That horrid form of asceticism which prevails in this country in the form of mere self-mortification is, indeed, most harmful and pernicious. True asceticism, as indicated by Christ, means simply this: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you."

One word more and I have done. The time is coming, and now is, when India shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. Say unto Christ as unto your best friends — Welcome! I say, emphatically, and I say before you all, that Christ is already present in you. He is in you, even when you are unconscious of his presence; even if your lips deny Christ, your hearts secretly accept him. For Christ is "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." If you have in you the spirit of truth and filial devotion, self-sacrifice, that is Christ.

Though often defiled and persecuted by the world, I have found sweetness and joy unutterable in my Master Jesus. Jesus is to me not a hard doctrine. He never was to me a doctrine. I am thankful to say I never read any anti-Christian books with delight, and never had to wage war with my Christ. The mighty artillery of his love he leveled against me, and I was vanquished and fell at his feet, saying, Blessed Child of God, when shall others see the light that is in thee? Therefore, I say, countrymen, be not as the unbelievers are; do not throw yourselves into the vortex of materialism and scepticism. Christ, your friend, is walking through the streets of this country, carrying the banner of God, the Most High. He exhorts you to renounce self. My countrymen, throw off the scabbard then, unsheath the sword and cut down this abominable self, and establish this kingdom of heaven in your lives. Achieve the triumph and rejoice, for the Bridegroom cometh.

How beautiful the remark of a little girl, when looking up at the stars, she exclaimed: "Oh dear! If the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what must the right be?"

SINGING SCHOOL.

OLA L. WHITCOMB.

Not the spectacted Master of Music,
 With a "do," and a "re," and a "mi,"
 With a tuning fork, pointer and blackboard,
 And a rule like the tough "Rule of Three;"
 But a sweet little brook in the meadow—
 Where the willows can dip in their leaves,
 That babbles, and ripples and murmurs,
 Full of music; the brook never grieves.

A dear little bird on the walk there,
 Sipping temperance wine at his will,
 And singing as though life depended
 On the force of *his* not keeping still;
 A cricket, somewhere in a crevice,
 With chir-r, chirp, chirup and cheer,
 Whoever heard tell of a cricket
 That had in its song an "Oh dear!"

A fly, spinning round in the sunlight;
 A bee, humming tunes to the flowers;
 And the soft, sweet pattering music
 Of raindrops in afternoon showers;
 The teakettle, hung in the fire-place,
 What a marvel of music it owns!
 No Mendelssohn, Mozart nor Blind Tom,
 Can equal its sharp and flat tones.
 I remember the times of my childhood,
 Its music was charming to me;
 Perhaps that charm was — was — because —
 Well — we used to have *dough-nuts* for tea!

The children out there on the hill-side
 'Mong the violets, sweet is their song;
 Young children, bright flowers and music,
 Such beauties together belong.
 The brook, bird, bee, rain and fly,
 And children, are songs without end;
 Nature's grand concert of harmony
 Is the singing school I would attend.
Canaan, N. Y.

THE DYING YEAR.

S. A. NEALE.

Slowly, but surely, the passing moments
 are wending their way toward the grave of
 the dying year. Each day we are nearing the
 closing scene. "*Passing away*," is written
 on Nature's already sad countenance, and
 the forests even now wave to a mournful re-
 quiem. It would almost seem to us that
 Mother Earth were mourning, so brown and
 sere has become her attire. The light of
 much variety has gone out of her life, and
 she appears like one asking for sympathy.
 Have we none to give? Or shall we let
 this link in time's golden chain fall into

obscurity alone, unrequited, without even a
 farewell tribute — this year that has been
 so much to us, contributing so largely to our
 comfort, hopes and happiness? A year that
 has grown us a harvest of plenty, and
 showered us with blessings so bountifully?
 This precious year that has been all that
 time could be, that has given us opportuni-
 ties, many and noble, for the performance of
 Christian virtues; shall we bury this pre-
 cious season in the grave of forgetfulness?
 Never! This cannot be, for its feeble form
 still holds the germ of rejuvenated life
 which the future claims for development.
 So its seeming decline leadeth not unto death,
 but in reality unto a resurrection of life
 through all futurity. It ever remains the
 living present, over which the past and
 future clasp their loving hands. Ah, yea;
 tender and true are the ties that hold us in the
 loving embrace of this season of seasons; and
 though we are aware time carries not for any,
 we would gladly stay the flying moments
 for a brief period, even though we feel their
 progress is on to greater perfection. But
 such is the course of events in the great
 cycles of time; and thus it will ever be that
 one year will follow another on through un-
 numbered ages in the unknown beyond.
 There will always be a passing away of *old*
 life and an unfolding of the *new*. *Growth* and
decay are stamped upon the face of all ex-
 istence. To-day we live in a material form;
 to-morrow our existence may be elsewhere,
 we know not; but we *do know* the present
 holds friendship's magnet, and we trust the
 future may retain the same, while the past
 holds the sunshine of happiness where hal-
 lowed memory still loves to linger and grow
 warm in the reality of its pleasantness. And
 if we are reminded that we have sometimes
 wandered where shadows have fallen and
 sorrows come, 'tis pitiful; but these we
 would quietly shroud in mourning, and
 bury where the incoming tide of life cannot
 reach them. Thus we would preserve unto
 futurity only goodness and joys of the past.
 And now we return with grateful hearts to
 our failing friend, the *dying year*; or rather
 the *old* life that is passing away to make
 room for the *new*. We realize that during
 its short existence we have been blessed

with a rich increase; we have reaped a golden fruitage and garnered a bountiful harvest; heaven's blessings have fallen upon us in many and various ways; and now the question arises, have these treasures invariably come to us for good? Have we so far appreciated them as to adapt them to our needs only? If so, what have we given in return? Is it willing hands and hearts to serve in a Christian cause? Is the world any better for our having lived during this closing precious season? We can hope so; and in the peace thereof will tenderly turn this golden leaf in life's historical book, and bidding it a loving adieu, look on the next page to hail with joy the face of the newborn year.

Shakers, N. Y.

SHAKER THEOLOGY.

F. W. EVANS.

What Shakers have taught for one hundred years:

1.—Human beings have eternal existences, but immortality of soul life is the fruit of obedience to Christian principles,—soul death the fruit of sin.

2.—Probation continues in all stages of existence.

3.—The mercy of God is as eternal as the existence of God.

4.—God is male and female.

5.—The *Trinity, Atonement, Vicarious Sacrifice—the Blood doctrine—Physical Resurrection, Deathbed conversions, Eternal hell and heaven* for what men and women can do in the body; *Salvation, simply for believing something, or damnation for not believing*, are part and parcel of the old heavens passing away.

On all these points, Shakers have fought the good fight of faith, and have won.

Their ideas are becoming popular—millions are approximating the system of Shaker Theology.

Spiritualism is the solvent to disintegrate the false Christianity of the Constantine Church.

With singing and dancing we rejoice before God, at the downfall of bloody Christianity—all Church and State systems.

Inasmuch as the "Great Whore" has lived deliciously, drinking the blood of Saints—so much sorrow and trouble are hers, which we cheerfully accord to her.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

O, trustful prayer! by earnest heart expressed,
The simple utterance of a common need;
A want, awakened in each human breast,
That seeks for some sustaining power to feed.
Christ taught his true disciples thus to pray—
While by his gentle hand their souls were led
To trace the shining paths of wisdom's way—
"Lord, give to us this day our daily bread."

Along the centuries' broadening aisles,
Whence come the precious truths of long ago,
We see the sunbeams of those golden smiles,
That flood the earth with an eternal glow.
The bud and blossom of the passing years,
Their harvest fruitage in our pathway spread,
To this blest prayer the answer now appears,
"Lord, give to us this day our daily bread."

While millions in the fated Orient
Have yielded to starvation stern and gaunt;
While plague and scourge, on direful mission bent,
Have filled the sunny South with woe and want,
Our home—among the hills that God hath reared,
Where timely showers and gentle dews are shed—
Has not by scorching heat and drought been seared,
For we have shared each day our daily bread.

Thus while we ask, O! let us not forget
That constant blessing, like a silvery stream
In peaceful flow, our hearts' desires have met,
Till all life's toil and duties pleasant seem.
Ah! in the consciousness of doing right,
The crystal sea of perfect truth we tread,
And, dwelling in the glory of its light,
Receive from angel hands our daily bread.

And now within this sacred, calm retreat,
Once more our gifts on Nature's shrine we lay;
O! may their perfume rise like incense sweet,
And mingle with our orisons to-day.
While we commune from all the world apart

As did that Judean band, with Christ their head,
Likewise we pray with fervency of heart,
"Lord, give to us this day our daily bread,"

The fruits of union and the sweets of love,
The harvest-yield of friendship's precious seed,
The ripened sheaves that peace hath stored above,
These shall supply our spiritual need.
And for the mortal we would seek for wealth
That springeth from earth's rich and fruitful bed,
The food that giveth lengthened life and health,
Give us this day, O, Lord! for daily bread.

TOBACCO.

OLIVER PRITTISS.

Our debut in mortal scenes is, or ought to be, in a state of innocence.

That a large percentage of children come into the world laden with the iniquities of fathers, grandfathers, great-grandfathers, and great-great-grandfathers, is truly lamentable.

Such unfortunates are justly entitled to much commiseration and tender sympathy.

Any departure from native innocence is a *Fall*—requiring a corresponding *Resurrection*.

Children and youth are more exposed to *fall down hill*, than *up*. 'Twas so with the first little Adam. When he came to that little *tree*, about half way down the garden—put there to be let alone—to try his integrity—when he dabbled and dandled at that tree—he *fell*! Too many other little Adams do so.

To nominate all the *falls*, down and up, is not our vocation. Having passed lightly over one *down hill fall*, as off-set, we modestly mention one *up hill fall*, to wit: *Tobacco*.

To native innocence, tobacco is uniformly offensive. By indomitable effort, worthy of better achievements, the habit of using it is acquired. It is a crime against nature, a tremendous *fall up hill*. How many I have heard ejaculate thusly: "I wish I could quit tobacco!"

But stop right here. It has been said,

"There is no great loss without some small gain."

If, to be a man among men, a boy, of *any* age, has fallen *up hill*, acquired the tobacco disease, he has an opportunity now—a splendid opportunity—to give practical demonstration to himself and to others, that he has *a bone in his back*—a forty-horse will-power—that he believes "in the Resurrection of the body," resurrection from all that does not accord with his divinest ideal of the true dignity of man in the likeness of God—practical demonstration that in this individual, *there is a Soul*, and that the Soul, not the body, rules the machine.

[The writer of the above testimony has the right to speak that seventy-one (71) years' use of the vile weed can give, a right to say to the tempted: "Don't!" and to the poor, infatuated, enslaved human, who has fallen into the snare of the Devil, in the shape of tobacco, "Quit!"]

F. W. EVANS.

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

CHAUNCY DIBBLE.

We understand that Freeman, the religious lunatic, who sacrificed his daughter, stands indicted for murder in the first degree. This is right.

He should be thoroughly tried and sentenced; then of course pardoned.

Meanwhile all Christian judges and lawyers who hold to the infallible truth of every sentence contained in the Old Testament, should put their theologies to the test, and see if they do not indorse the same view of God's character which led Freeman to the commission of the deed.

It may be easy to account for the derangement of any one predisposed to and under temporary excitement; but how *forty* so-called rational men could be accessory to a deed so revolting, is hard to account for! And yet, looking at the theological inconsistencies of priestcraft, we are convinced that there would be more human sacrifices by invitation, if certain classes of religionists had the power.

We love to look upon the more reasonable

probability, that Abraham had no intention of slaying Isaac. The ceremony was a sign of the consecration of his first born son to the service of his God. So of Jephtha, who only consecrated his daughter to the service of the temple.

We are prepared, however, to excuse the worst barbarity of that age, in consideration that many of their customs, and particularly their passion for bloody sacrifices was inherited from their ancestors. Never more can we harbor the thought that God was pleased with these sacrifices nor took any part in

WETA.

Shakers, N. Y.

BOGUS CHRISTIANITY.

[The *N. Y. Graphic* very pithily points to morals and religion in the two valuable chapters of ancient and modern history, and we will either be ashamed of our Christianity if it is represented truthfully in these, or we must disown such as being Christianity.—ED.]

CONDENSED HISTORY OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

White man landing on the American continent, remarks:

Fine country this. B'long to anybody?

Conscientious White—Well, there's Indians on it.

W. M.—Oh! They're only on it. They can't own it. They've no possessory rights.

Con. W. M.—Why?

W. M.—Why? What a question. 'Cos they're not civilized. Don't know how to read or write. No school-houses nor churches.

Con. W. M.—But don't you remember the admonition, "Thou shalt not covet! Thou shalt not steal!"

W. M.—Nonsense! Doesn't apply in this case at all. The commandments only take effect on educated and Christian people who build churches. Gosh! You'll talk next about skunks having possessory rights. However, to satisfy your scruples, we'll buy this country from the Indian.

CHAPTER II.

The bargain with the Indian for his lands. Time 1700.]

Parties—Deuteronomy Sharp and the drunken chief, Rum-tum-to-tum.

Deuteronomy Sharp reading—"And in consideration of one pint of New England rum and a jack-knife, I, Rum-tum-to-tum, Great Chief of all the Rum-tum-to-tums, do hereby convey, remise, release, sell, etc., and cease all further claim on a certain strip of territory known as North America, extending from a certain point up the coast as far as the coast extends, to a certain point down the coast as far as the coast extends, and as far north as it extends north, and as far south as the land extends south, and ditto east and west, and as far back as the land may go."

Deut.—There, Rum-tum-to-tum, put your totem down there.

Rum-tum, etc.—Gimme rum. Me lub rum.

Deut.—No Rum-tum, etc. You must sign first. Business is business, you know.

Rum-tum, etc., makes his mark.

Deut. (fervently).—He hath delivered the land of the heathen unto us to possess with our wives and children forever.

CETEWAYO'S SENTIMENTS.

I like your guns, said Cetewayo. I think if we could make such good guns as yours we could also soon make as good a Bible.

Missionary.—As good a Bible?

Cetewayo. — Yes. You see your Bible is elastic. It stretches so as to cover almost any thing you want to do. For instance, you want my land. You look into your Bible. You find it commands you to go abroad and preach the Gospel to every creature. If the creatures won't hear you, you make them hear you with your guns. You take their lands. Then, of course, they must hear your Gospel. You have the pleasure of converting them and getting their land besides. That is a good Bible. I wish I had such good guns. I would have such a Bible also.

Missionary. — Would you like to visit England, King?

Cetewayo.—Can you roast me a whole ox daily?

Missionary.—Well, King, the fact is we haven't got quite enough beef for our own people. Still—

Cetewayo. — Why do you keep so many more people than you can feed well? Why don't you kill the runts when they're first born?

Missionary. — King, that is murder.

Cetewayo. — So is slow starvation. I have heard that many of your people don't get enough to eat.

Missionary. — But, King, the commandment says—

Cetewayo. — Yes, yes. It says, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox, nor his ass, nor his lands. Thou shalt not steal. Thou art the man. Thou—

Missionary. — Hold on, King.

Cetewayo. — I see you don't like having your guns turned on you. Then you know how well they shoot, don't you?

Missionary. — But, King, you don't realize all the blessings of civilization. Why, it gives us—

Cetewayo. — Taxes. Does your civilization give every man a house and lot?

Missionary. — Well, no.

Cetewayo. — And three square meals a day?

Missionary. — Well—

Cetewayo. — And pure air like ours in your six-story tenement pigeon-holes?

Missionary. — Well—

Cetewayo. — Does it teach you to stay at home, mind your business and not molest your neighbors?

Missionary. — Well— But, King, civilization has done one thing for us. We never have but one wife.

Cetewayo. — What! Never?

Missionary. — Well, har— But, King, we don't keep harems in—

Cetewayo. — Public? Methinks it has come to my ears that the son of your queen— But he's a jolly good fellow. Were he but here I would make him a second Solomon in wives and wisdom. But I want my fourteen wives for company. Is your one wife always company for you?

Missionary. — Oh, certainly.

Cetewayo. — Do you always stay at home evenings? Never go to the club, or the lodge or have sudden business just after supper, eh?

Missionary. — Well—

Cetewayo. — Well? It seems to be all well with you. No, I don't like your civilization. It talks nicely on paper and in the pulpit. No. The only man of your blood I like is Dunn, John Dunn. You have done well in making him chief of that fine district. He has made a law that no missionaries shall go there. John has done well.

Missionary. — Verily, the King's heart is hardened.

LITTLE THINGS.

ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him, his strength is proved;
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then Life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
Braves flashing gun and sabre-stroke,
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;
We praise him till the whole land rings;
But—is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echo bears from shore to shore,—
Does that, and then does nothing more;
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
When brought before the King of Kings,
Were he but great in little things?

We closely guard our castle gates
When great temptations loudly knock,
Draw every bolt, clinch every lock,
And sternly fold our bars and gates;
Yet some small door wide open swings
At the sly touch of little things.

I can forgive—'tis worth my while—
The treacherous blow, the cruel thrust;
Can bless my foe as Christian must,
While patience smiles her royal smile;
Yet quick resentment fiercely slings
Its shots of ire at little things.

And I can tread beneath my feet
The hills of Passion's heaving sea,
When wind tossed waves roll stormily;
Yet scarce resist the siren sweet
That at my heart's door softly sings
"Forget, forget Life's little things."

But what is Life? Drops make the sea;
And petty cares and small events,
Small causes and small consequents,
Make up the sum for you and me;
Then, O for strength to meet the stings
That arm the points of little things!

CONSECRATION TO A GODLY USE.

Covenantal and real members of the Shaker Church consecrate themselves, services and all they have possessed or may possess to the cause of Christ, as stated in the following language:

"By this covenant we do solemnly and conscientiously dedicate, devote, consecrate and give up ourselves and services, together with all our temporal interest, to the service of God, and the support and benefit of the Church of this Community, and to such other pious and charitable purposes as the Gospel may require." * * * And we do hereby solemnly agree to support and maintain the true primitive faith and Christian principle * * * pertaining to the said Gospel, as ministered by the founders of the society * * *. And consider and acknowledge ourselves as members of one general community, possessing one faith, and subject to one united parental and ministerial administration."

It is quite plainly manifested that there are two prominent worldly interests in which personal individual photographs play an important part, first, conspicuous popularity, worldly ambition, pride and vanity; secondly, use in the police department for the detection of criminals. But, it is not so manifest in what way the use of individual personal photographs can be consecrated to the service of God, the support and benefit of this community, and such other pious and charitable purposes as the Gospel may require," according to the covenantal consecration before mentioned.

It is consequently to be anticipated that a personal vanity and ambition for distinction and individual exaltation shall be swallowed up by that noble purpose, which by consecrating all the powers, faculties and labors of the individual covenant member to swell the united capacity of the Church of Christ's Second Appearing, to set before the world a sacrifice of self-pride, ambition and interest for the manifestation of a character of devotion to God's work so full and complete as to make of one brotherhood and sisterhood the whole household of faith, tolling together on the beautiful level

of love, not each one striving to be the greatest after the fashion of the children of this world.

The procurement and display of individual personal photographs which have been obtained by members of the Shaker Community are, we believe, justly deemed to be in contravention of the foregoing covenantal principles, and of course, disapproved by the leading authorities of the Church and religious Covenantal Association aforesaid. It is therefore desired and will be anticipated by the aforesaid authorities, that the use and further procurement of personal individual photographs will be entirely abandoned by every professed member of the aforesaid society and covenantal constitution.

The Ministry and Elders of Mt. Lebanon Shaker Society, N. Y.

PETITION.

[The following PETITION we copy from the *Truth Seeker*. It contains so much of the good gospel of humanity, human kindness, and true, Godly theology, we are glad to make a copy of the same, as putting the Shakers anew in their theological teachings before the world. Ed.]

A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y., Sept. 29, 1870.

TO THE HON. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA:

Esteemed and Respected Friend—As the chief executive of one of the most powerful and progressive nations of the earth, we come before you in the capacity of one of the first leaders of the entire Shaker fraternity, to represent our people, as supplicants for the administration of justice to a fellow man, as a first request. Second. As a defender of the constitutional rights of the freedom of conscience. Third. The liberty of free speech. Fourth. The protection of the freedom of the press. Fifth. The sanctity of our mails. Sixth. The honor of our nation in sustaining the rights of man, and liberty of just trial by jury, untrammelled by judicial field-fencing, as a bias, except the boundaries of law; for all of which sig-

nal blessings our forefathers pledged and gave their lives, fortunes and sacred honor!

We submit if the judicial trial of D. M. Bennett, editor of *THE TRUTH SEEKER*, by which he was condemned to a felon's cell, was not one of the greatest farces, mockeries of justice, and exhibitions of spleen, personal revenge, ring influence, judicial turpitude and cruelty that has been manifest in the Anglo-American nation during the whole history of her national jurisprudence, or on any civilized nation's record since the days of the nefarious Judge Jeffries, of the sixteenth century, under King James II, of England—not allowed the civilized privilege of the audience of the testimony of his witnesses; not allowed the privilege of any common felon, even a murderer, when sentenced by the court—to speak for himself, as was allowed to Paul by King Agrippa, and to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him! Is not the whole transaction a miserable stain on our statute books, and on our country's escutcheon, which it becomes the imperative duty of our nation's chief executive to tender his protest to wipe out?

The Shakers—a sect of virgin celibate non-resistants, and a law-abiding people, whom we now represent—desire the moral, social and physical protection of our nation by her laws, and have full fellowship with well-defined, appropriate laws, for that object. But we indignantly protest against the maladministration of law in the personal interest of individual revenge, and the resort of blackmailing, immoral and unchristian strategy, to entrap victims for legal vengeance and pecuniary gain!

We further submit if it is not too much power to put into the grasp of any one individual, in a nation whose Constitution is republican in principle, to make such individual censor of the mails, and virtual arbiter of the character of our nation's circulating literature; aye, even more, of her conscientious rights?

If laws for the prevention of obscene literature should exist, which we approve, should not the censorship of their supposed infractions be delegated to a committee of at least five, or seven men, thus guarding

against the unjust and unchristian exercise of power, as in the Bennett case, of personal revenge; or, as in that of many other cases, manifest in the action of Comstock, as a means of obtaining money by rewards for prosecution?

D. M. Bennett was reared among the Shakers, was a goodly young man; left our ranks because he preferred a married life to virgin celibacy. We have kept track of him since his exit from our society, and never have learned of any wickedness or illegality in his conduct as judged by the moral law, since he quit our ranks. Some heavy charges are recently published against him, concerning which we know not the truth; but if true, they would not justly incarcerate him, unless accompanied by many thousands and hundreds of thousands of others equally guilty. He is, we believe, thoroughly infidel to the character of so-called Christianity, whose theology makes the innocent Jesus to cruelly suffer death as a ransom from suffering—the consequence of sin—for all of those who should but believe in his mission, and so are all the Shakers. If he is worthy of incarceration for this, so are all our people. We understand he is also infidel to God! the God character represented by a large class of professed Christians who believe Jesus to be one of three Gods in one—the Father of whom, and of which trio, demanded the death of this son God, by the hands of wicked men, whom He proposes to punish for executing His will in killing Him! If he is infidel to a belief in a Spirit Being, the Creative Power, and All-wise Planner and Director of the universe, in the attributes of male and female, as Father and Mother of heaven and earth, and all the innumerable spheres of immensity, we do not know it, and do not fellowship it. We do not approve of the spirit and sentiment of many of Dr. D. M. Bennett's writings and publications, we think him too caustic and unwise, and, in some instances, calculated to do harm by infidelity to Christ. But, that he has done great good, we also know; and to err is human; no one is perfect.

But enough; if the judiciary of our country, through the influence of a clergy who

are influencing, by every plausible and secret art, our rulers, so as to obtain the authority to rule the State as well as church, are to establish the *résumé* of the Inquisition against the exercise of the liberty of conscience, in this, our boasted land of freedom, to us, it seems the chief executive of our nation has a duty to do toward its repression.

In the interests of our constitutional rights as American citizens, claiming liberty of conscience, and belief according to weight of evidence, both in religion and law, we solicit the executive to release from prison D. M. Bennett, not as a pardoned criminal, but as a subject of personal revenge, clerical chicanery and judicial ring influence! We also solicit a protest from the chief executive of the United States against the form of law, and the maladministration of legal authority by which D. M. Bennett was incarcerated; for by similar reasons for which this act was done, infidelity to a large portion of so-called Christian theology, and the subject of personal revenge, the whole Shaker fraternity, or other theological sect differing from the popular strain, may be liable to arrest and incarceration, and the way be hedged against the manifestation of increasing light and truth, both in religion and science. And, as in duty bound, we will ever pray.

Your friend for the truth,
GILES B. AVERY.

WOMEN TO THE FRONT.

Not long ago, while traveling in New England, we noticed a strong, high gate standing alone by the way side. There was no wall nor fence near it, but still, well-bolted and barred, it stood up strong and straight as though it was doing guard duty. There was no need now to draw out the rusty bolts to admit the passer-by, as it was just as convenient to go around as to pass through it.

This reminded us of the ecclesiastical gate which has been so long closed against women. It stands bolted and barred; but the ecclesiastical fence is nearly all down, and, at the command of the Master, Christian women may march into life's great harvest-fields to work without disturbing the gate or the gate disturbing them.

With an open vineyard before them, the women of all denominations are marching out for Christian effort as never before.—*The Christian Woman.*

Editorial.

VIRGIN CELIBACY—MARRIAGE.

We have often alluded to the first above subject, as the great "rock of offense" to the vast majority who deign to give Shakerism a moiety of their reflections. That the Shakers are wonderfully blessed in basket and store, has drawn the envy of thousands who wished this blessing for themselves, but who were unwilling to bear the Shaker cross to possess it. To preserve for themselves the easements for the flesh which marriage induces, the vast majority leave no text of the New Testament unturned which encourages the thoughts that marriage may be classed as a Christian institution. To do this, observe how the grand array of Pauline instructions are culled from his numerous epistles to prove that marriage is Christian! We frankly admit, that were Paul the founder and head of Christianity and not Jesus Christ, we should sit on the fence of hesitancy, finding it difficult to decide which he approved most of—marriage or celibacy. But acknowledging Jesus as Lord and Head of Christianity, there can be no doubt about marriage being a worldly, not a Christian institution. "I am the *Resurrection and the Life*," said Jesus Christ; and so far from representing the Resurrection as being in a state of future existence, follows up the subject in that "the children of the Resurrection"—my children, children of the Christ life—"neither marry nor are given in marriage." To save marriage and its worldly affections to themselves, the children of the world, desirous of being called

Christians, put off the Resurrection until they drop their earthly means of fleshly qualification and unchristian indulgences. But "Follow Me;" "deny yourselves of what I have denied Myself!" are the ringing instructions of Jesus Christ. Of Paul, who claimed, and did in his life "follow hard after Jesus," we can only say that while many of his instructions were very favorable to a Christian life, still he was erratic, and often instructed in a very unchristian manner. How does Paul's assertions, "marriage is honorable in all," coincide with his own life, and "I would that all men were like me?" And what shall we do with his astounding assertions concerning those "who marry, caring how they may please each other, *and not how they may please the Lord*; while a *virgin life* careth how it *may please the Lord*?" It is reasonably stated that Jesus never forbade to marry and we believe this, and any follower of Christ who forbids any who wish to marry from doing so acts differently from Christ. For the Shakers, we boldly state that they never "forbade to marry," to those who wished an honorable *worldly* life and not Christ's life. It must, however, be admitted that Jesus selected for his disciples those who would "*hate* husband and wife" relations, and even their *worldly* "lives" also. To hate these, did not, does not necessitate the hating of men and women as virgin brethren and sisters in Christ, as was Christ; but to *hate the husband and the wife while we love the brother and the sister*.

We accept the life of Christ—the resurrected life he exhibited above the

world, and wherein he was "lifted up"—to be the life for Christians to live. We admire the success which Paul attained in so fully representing in his life the life of Jesus; and we honor him for his radical Christian testimony favoring the life *resurrected* above marriage to all, excepting "foolish Galatians" and "carnal Corinthians," to whom he gave instructions: "To avoid fornication and adultery;" to prevent burning in their lusts. "Let every such man have a wife and every such woman a husband," for they are as yet very unready to adopt the Christ life! That earnest thinker, Henry C. Wright, said: "I do not see how any believer in the New Testament can come to any other conclusion upon marriage than that to which the Shakers have arrived; nor do I see how any believer in the Old Testament can come to any other conclusion than that of the Mormons!" And then sums up the subject, and in which summing up he has a numerous sympathy, "both are monstrosities to me!" We have written sufficiently to arouse renewed thought upon the subject, and will close with the valuable testimony of the Rev. Dr. Bolles, who in his book, "*Holy Matrimony*," after extolling the beauties of marriage as few others could do or have ever done, sums up the subject thus admirably and acceptably; and in the face of all human inclinations, none would write thus were it not true:

"*But is there not a higher life revealed in the Scriptures than even the holy state of matrimony—a life by which an individual may voluntarily forego all the blessings of the mystery of marriage, in order to become more and more absorbed in devotion to the duties of the Spiritual union of Christ*

and the Church—a life in which the love of the antitype may be ever so great as to banish from the mind all thought of the type—concentrating all the affections of the soul upon the reality of the substance—a life so entirely free from the temporal, with all its joys, cares and entanglements, as to see nothing, to think of nothing but the eternal—Christ Himself and the fruition of his glorious Godhead? How can it be denied that the scriptures do reveal to us the possibility of such a life? and that it is the life of the celibate “for the kingdom of heaven’s sake,”—not the life of the mere unmarried, which in itself considered is one of the most selfish of all lives, and which is not unfrequently chosen for the sake of selfish and criminal indulgence, but the life of the celibate ‘for the kingdom of heaven’s sake.’ Our blessed Lord said, indeed, ‘all men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given; but he that is able to receive it, let him receive it.’ ”

OUR PECULIARITY.

That the Shakers started in the world with any ambition to appear eccentric, we do not believe. That the converts imbibed principles that caused “a change of heart,” to live differently, apart from worldly fashion, fleshly lusts, and away, even from the gratifications of much worldly good, we believe and know. At the beginning they dressed as was the custom, and declined from principle to engage in the changing fashions of following time. In this they were wise and truly religious. At several periods of fashion’s market, the dress of the world has very closely returned to “Shaker Styles.” We honor our forefathers and foremothers, not for any especially grotesque eccentricity nor purposed oddity of dress, but for their inclination and persistence, even to pertinacity to wear a plain, comfortable, economical and

comely dress. We hope all of these points will be held closely to in the future, and we believe they will be fully as operative in the years to come as in the past, even amid the many innovations now being introduced in the way of dress. Oddity and eccentricity may be and will be cast out; but the essentials, plainness and comeliness will be adhered to. But it must be seen that on mere matters of dress, we are dealing with the comparatively non-essential features of a peculiarly Christian life. PURITY, extreme purity of life, with honesty of word and manufactures must claim precedence always, and these must exceed the righteousness of Methodist and Roman Catholics, or what, or wherein can there be a desired peculiarity? Among our most valuable exchanges, we prize very highly *The Primitive Christian*, one of the advocates of the Tunker Church, and it has the following upon this “peculiar” subject. While you read, brethren, think whether we, as a peculiar people, cannot be reminded of a dutiful lesson:

WE OUGHT TO BE A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

It is said that the Brethren are losing many of the peculiarities that formerly distinguished them from other people, especially that of dress. Now while we believe that we should be distinguished in this respect from the vain fashion worshiper, we also believe that we should be a peculiar people in other things as well. We fear that we are losing our peculiarities in some other things as much as that of apparel. How is it about our honesty? The time was when a brother’s word was as good as his note, but is not our reputation wanting? Are we as peculiar in this respect as we were years ago? We believe this matter is too much overlooked and that we have much cause to fear that we are losing the distinguishing characteristic of honesty. Our ministers preach

a great deal against pride and display in dress, indeed some hardly ever preach but what this subject comes in, and would it not be well to show up the evils of carelessness and recklessness in business a little more. Brethren, in their aspirations to become rich, rush headlong into debt and as a result, they have not, in some instances, been able to meet their Christian influence which they are exerting.

CIVILIZATION BY THE SWORD!

Of *The Yates Co. Chronicle* we have had many good words to say; but when it imparts so reprehensible a doctrine as "The civilization of Africa even by means of the sword which so often affords the only means of opening a way into barbaric regions, is a thing to be hoped for!" then we object very strongly to its religious influences. It is too late in the day for editors of moral and religious periodicals, and certainly too late for so-called ministers of the gospel, to make appeals to the sword for aid, in extending civilization or religion. Already we hear from the highest representations of civil and military circles extensive deprecations concerning weapons of warfare. Let not these chieftains excel in advocacy of arbitration and peace! When has the sword succeeded? To that grand old historical character, Wm. Penn, let us look for the brightest, best, and ever and only successful means of civilization ever known. Pay for what you want, when the owners are ready to sell; and after offering every inducement, wait until they are ready. See the foolishness of N. C. Meeker of forcing Indians to use the plough! Muskets on one side, ploughs on the others, and then a raid upon their

hunting grounds and customs! Meeker invited his slaughter; and because of his massacre, when attacking *the rights of the Indians*, his daughter exhibits an insight to her training, by calling on the U. S. government to "exterminate the race, for all the red skins extant are not worth one white man." If so her father thought, and he acted so, he only received the effects of which he alone was the cause.

According to the statement of an Indian chief, to the writer of this, Indians *never fought with each other, nor the whites*, until incited to do so by the aggressions of *white men*. Let us use heathens and Indians with kindness and humanity; and every experience of the past is declarative of there being an excess of such compliments returned by them.

A GLORIOUS CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

Elsewhere, our dear readers will find in what CHRISTMAS has a significance among the Shakers. We as *editor* and *PUBLISHER* want to wish a hearty happiness to *all*, our readers in particular, upon that day and ever afterward. We do not believe in any happiness without a corresponding goodness; and if able to be better than *good*, we promise an increase of godly and everlasting happiness. DEAR READERS ALL: It has been solely our object, in issuing our MANIFESTO, to give to all the key to an eternal, heavenly CHRISTMAS; and none are more aware than are we, of the tremendous amount of the most godly self-denial which superior goodness imposes. That we may continue to be your humble servants another year successfully, AID US. Renew your subscriptions

promptly, for you all know that it costs money to issue so many copies monthly, and that we do get out for your edification a *nice paper*, and one that costs you but little in comparison with its good intentions. Now, PLEASE RENEW, and may God bless you if you do, and if you don't, may God remember, and bless us.

"CORRESPONDENCE."

In the matter under this heading for this issue, we are pleased to present much valuable material for thought and information. Elder F. W. Evans has long been a faithful follower, and living exponent of the Christ Spirit. When he writes from experience, and what he writes, all may place implicit reliance upon. Once a radical materialist, talented so as to lead therein, yet stopped on the way to his Damascus by Shaker Spiritualism which blinded him to all further materialistic efforts, he chose "the better way," and obedience thereto gives him in his ripe life a peculiar significance as a counselor. "HEAR HIM!"

WEED, PARSONS & CO.

To whom these presents shall come: Be it known unto all men, and women too, that Weed, Parsons & Co., Albany, N. Y., are the very best PRINTERS, BINDERS, STEREOTYPERS and ELECTROTYPERS in the NEW WORLD. Bear this in mind, and send to them or us for bids for the best work at the most reasonable rates. We indorse this firm for excellence of work and for moderate and reasonable charges.

WHO IS CHRIST?

The sermon of CHUNDERSEN, which was preached in India, we present with great pleasure to our readers. To those who will attentively read its substance, we need not apologize for the space it occupies. It is one of the most remarkable utterances of the times; and is certainly the most God-send to the religious world at large of any subject we know of. Treating the query as it does, coming *whence* it does, and being *indorsed* by so many prominent periodicals—*The Christian Union* for instance—we must say we feel the *Church Universal* to be nearer the present than ever before. Christ, and the life of Christ, are foundation and Cap-stone of the union of Churches; and just so soon as we accept Christ's life as the best ensample and religiously and faithfully live it, every barrier to the success of the *Universal Church* will be removed. Then will we have but "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism;" and then will our missionaries, sent abroad, carry in their lives the pattern Christ lived, and only then be worthy rivals of *Chunder Sen*; but when will they *teach Christ by living CHRIST'S LIFE?*

There is, too often, a burden of care in getting riches, a burden of anxiety in keeping them, a burden of temptation in using them, a burden of guilt in abusing them, a burden of sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up for possessing and either improving or misimproving them.

It is they who glorify Him who shall enjoy Him; they who deny themselves who shall not be denied; they who labor on earth who shall rest in heaven; they who bear the cross shall wear the crown; they who seek to bless others who shall be blessed.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

The Children's Grotto.

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Onward, onward as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play,
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
Minutes make the joyous hours!
Let us hasten then, and catch them,
As they pass us on our way;
And with honest true endeavor
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page,
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sun shines, making hay;
Thus we may, by help of Heaven,
Learn a little every day.

BE KIND TO THE SISTERS.

Boys, be kind to the sisters. You may live to be old, and never find such tender, loving friends as these sisters. Think how many things they do for you; how patient they are with you; how they love you in spite of all your ill-temper or rudeness; how thoughtful they are for your comfort, and be you thoughtful for theirs. Be ever ready to oblige them, to perform any little office for them that lies in your power. Think what you can do for them, and if they express a wish, be ready to gratify it, if possible. You do not know how much happiness you will find in so doing. I never yet knew a happy and respected man who was not in youth kind to his sisters. There is a beautiful song which says:

Be kind to your sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.

—*Brethren's Advocate.*

Nobody has a right to put another under such a difficulty that he must either hurt the person by telling the truth, or hurt himself by telling what is not true.

YOUTHFUL SINS.

The late Dr. Spencer said that when he was a lad, his father gave him a little tree that had just been grafted. One day, in his father's absence, he let the colt into the garden, and the young animal broke off the graft. It was mended, however, on the following day, and continued to grow finely. Years passed, and young Spencer became a man and a minister. Some time after he became a pastor he made a visit to the old homestead, where he spent his boyhood. His little sapling had become a large tree, and was loaded with apples. During the night after his arrival at the homestead, there was a violent thunder-shower, and the wind blew fearfully. He rose early in the morning, and on going out found his tree lying prostrate upon the ground. The wind had twisted it off *just where the colt broke it when it was a sapling.* Probably the storm would not have broken it at all, if it had not been broken when it was small.

WRITE TO US, CHILDREN.

We are certain that did our dear children know how much comfort we would derive from receiving some letters from them, they would want to send us a great many. In the coming new year, we hope to get many such. Even if they are short and imperfectly written, do not neglect to let us hear from you.

In love from

ED. MANIFESTO.

I HEARD two little girls talking under my window. One of them said, in a voice full of indignation:—"If I were in your place, I'd never speak to her again; I'd be angry with her as long as I lived."

I listened, feeling anxious about the reply. My heart beat more lightly when it came.

"No, Lou," answered the other, in a sweet and gentle voice; "I wouldn't do so for all the world. I am going to forgive and forget just as soon as I can."

SEEDS.

C G REED.

1. We are sowing, dally sowing Countless seeds of good or ill,
 2. Seeds that fall a - mid the stillness, Of the lonely mountain glen,
 3. Seeds that lie unchanged unquickened, Lifeless on the teeming mould,
 4. Thou who knowest all our weakness, Leave us not to sow a - lone!
 5. Check the froward tho'ts and passions, Stay the hasty, heedless hands,

Scattered on the level lowland, Cast up - on the windy hill:
 Seeds cast out in crowded places, Trodden un - der foot of men;
 Seeds that live and grow and flourish, When the sowers hand is cold;
 Bid thine angels guard the furrows, Where the precious grain is sown;
 Lest the germs of sin and sorrow, Mar our fair and pleasant lands.

Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows, Soft with heavens gracious rain;
 Seeds by idle hearts for - got - ten, Flung at random on the air;
 By a whisper, sow we blessings, By a breath, we scatter strife;
 Till the fields are crowned with glory; Filled with mellow, ripened ears—
 Father, help each weak en - deav - or; Make each faithful effort blest;

Seeds that rest upon the surface, Of the dry un - yielding plain.
 Seeds by faithful souls remembered, Sown in tears and love and prayer.
 In our words and looks and actions, Lie the seeds of death and life.
 Filled with fruit of life e - ter - nal, From the seed we sowed in tears.
 Till Thine harvest shall be garnered, And we enter into rest.

Correspondence.

MT. LEBANON, Nov. 14, 1879,
HENRY KIDDLE, A. M.

Dear Friend: We have just returned from our morning meeting, where we read to our family of sixty people, your lecture in Brooklyn.

I have never had the pleasure of your acquaintance, personally, but know you by my friend, and your friend, Wickham, ex-mayor of New York.

I have received, through him, a copy of your "*Future Life*." Am much interested in it—still more interested in its author. We live in stirring times. A Judgment day is upon Christendom. It began at the House of God, the fountain of modern Spiritualism, the Shaker Order.

I, too, once lived in New York. I was a young man, but a confirmed materialist; also a communist. Humanity was all the God I acknowledged. In 1830, visiting the Shakers, I found, in practical operation, principles of equality and justice that we, as Infidels, had failed to actualize,—a Brotherhood and Sisterhood, claiming to be the result of Spiritualism. By instruction from Spirits, a woman, who could neither write nor read, established *justice*, where the wise and prudent had failed. Ann Lee said she communed with five souls out of the body, where she did with one in the earth-life.

Two extremes—credulity and incredulity, faith and unbelief, Spiritualism and Materialism, met together.

After being here a few days, I began to receive Spiritual ministrations in evidence of Immortality, and of intercommunication of souls in and out of the body. These continued until I became satisfied. From that time I have been a Spiritualist. I have seen the old Babel system of Christendom gradually and rapidly breaking up.

The old heavens are passing away, and New Heavens are creating. Old Church and State Government must come to an end. Zulu wars, Irish and English domestic troubles, Indian wars and Russian barbarities are products of false theories.

"Behold I create all things new," good and true.

Spiritualism is the disintegrating element that will bring the old world to an end. Out of the material of the past, the future will be organized.

Religion will be the cementing bond of union, gathering all things in heaven and earth into one.

God is Male and Female, Wisdom and Love, combined.

Love worketh no ill to her neighbor. Live and let live; enjoy and let others enjoy life and its blessings. Why not? Why should I seek happiness at the expense of others, who desire happiness as I desire it?

Dear Friend, I hail you as one of nature's noblemen. Heaven bless you in standing for the right.

Come and visit Mt. Lebanon. Judge Edmunds and Bishop Hughes came to see us. We had good times and the sweet communion of saints.

Farewell,

F. W. EVANS.

Book Table.

The Ghosts, and other Lectures by Robt. Ingersoll, C. P. Farrell, Washington, D. C., Publisher. In this book we have the embodied ideas of the most prominent materialist in America—a noble man, a loving soul, nevertheless a man whom Alexander Clark loved because there was much to love there; and in this book we find no hate, no malice, much love and much good religion, Christian religion, but not such as is found in popular churches, but a better theology, and one more reasonably accepted than can there be found. "Bob" Ingersoll is a Shaker after a certain type, for he is shaking *Babylon* tremendously, and we gratefully acknowledge his tremendous work of iconoclasm, and would follow him up with a genuine Christianity, Shakerism, for which we think he leaves in *The Ghosts*, a fertile field.

Remember November's offer of the COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—the best farm and garden paper extant; and now read carefully our offer connected with the very valuable SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

"We have received from A. M. Purdy, of Palmyra, N. Y., a very interesting 16 page pamphlet, telling how to grow small fruits successfully, describing sorts, etc., etc. He sends it free to all applicants, as also a specimen copy of his monthly paper of fruits and flowers.

Those desirous of the newsiest paper at the Capital of the Empire State, and one filled with the ardent patriotism that both made and saved our beloved country, will send for *The Morning Express*, Albany, N. Y.

To those desiring more extensive knowledge of Shaker Theology, Elder John Whiteley offers the "SHAKER MANIFESTO" for 1880, and an Octavo tract of 20 or 24 pages, entitled "*Divine Afflatus*" to any and all persons who will send him 60 cents each. Address, JOHN WHITELEY, Ayer, Mass.

Read on cover of THE MANIFESTO the valuable "CONTENTS" of Elder H. L. Eads' new book entitled "SHAKER THEOLOGY." Every one interested in the subject will gladly pay its cost of ONE DOLLAR to possess it, because "it will pay" to do so.

Society Record.

DECEASED.

At North Union, O., Sept. 29, HENRY SUMMERFIELD, aged 70 years.

RECEIVED.

From Abraham Perkins, \$32.00. And we, hope, still, from others of the brotherhood, to enable us to close the year's accounts with honor.

George Washington, "the father of his country," publicly stated that—"The United States is not a Christian nation any more than it is a Jewish nor a Mohammedan nation; it has no religion established by law, and all religions are upon a perfect equality before the constitution and laws of the country."

Home Topics.

HOW TO KILL INSECTS.—A Michigan lady writes, that to kill insects she uses one teaspoonful of kerosene to a gallon of water, and sprinkles it on the plants with a hand-broom. It destroys green flies, currant worms and other pests, and was used without injury on Fuchsias, Geraniums, Callas, and other plants. But it must be used with care.

BED BUGS.—I see frequent inquiry as to the readiest manner of getting quit of the presence of this pest. A safe, sure and proved way in our family is to get a cup full of fine table salt and fill every joint, opening, crack or crevice with the dry, fine salt, even under the extremities of the laths, scattering very profusely, and keep it so, and your tormentors will very soon be finished without the use of any violent poison. — *Com.*

TO REMOVE GREASE.—The collars of coats become soiled very quickly from contact with hair, but chloroform will clean them very well without any bad odor. Potato starch water, made by grating potatoes in a little water and letting it settle, then pouring it off and rubbing it with a sponge, will also take off the grease and spots. Ammonia in water rubbed on, with a flannel or sponge will answer the purpose. In all cases brush thoroughly in the first place. To remove grease from carpets and restore colors, take a handful of crushed soap bark (quillaqua) to a pail of water. Scrub the spots and sponge the carpets all over.

CELERY FOR RHEUMATISM.—Celery cooked is a very fine dish, both as nutriment and as a purifier of the blood. Rheumatism is impossible on such diet. Cold or damp never produces rheumatism, but simply develops it. The acid blood is the primary cause, and sustaining power of evil. While the blood is alkaline, there can be no rheumatism, and equally no gout. Cut the celery into inch dice; boil in water until soft. No water must be poured away unless drunk by the invalid. Then take new milk, slightly thicken with flour, and flavor with nutmeg; serve up with diamonds of toasted bread round dish, and eat with potatoes.

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